WEEKLY GRAPHIC.

$1.50 Per Annum | KIRKSVILLE, MISSOURI, FRIDAY, NOVEMBER,2 | VOL. IV. NO. 28.

Ups and Downs

—OF—

POLITICAL LIFE IN TANBARK TOWNSHIP.

BY BENJAMIN BROADAXE.

CHAPTER XXI. *Continued.*

Little Aggy had ceased to sob but crouched as near the dying mother as she could and still was shivering and freezing. She the innocent object of De Solon's hate could gather no warmth from that icy body.

She heard a rattling in her mother's throat, the breathing became more and more difficult, and then all was silent. The child roused herself from the benumbed stupor to speak to her mother, but no answer came.

She nestled as closely as she could to that icy body, and became unconscious: all night long the storm roared the snow fell fast and the air grew colder and colder and colder. It was the coldest night ever known for years, and when morning came both mother and child had gone to that land where cold, hunger, and night never comes. Lying there on the bed were two cold inanimate caskets from which the bright souls had flown to a world beyond the skies.

Ferdinand De Solon was not as hard hearted a man as he thought himself. After he reached home he hoped to drive away from his mind the face of that suffering child he had left in the snow. But it haunted him and after supper he became moody and morose, and sat gazing into the fire. The storm increased and in spite of himself he thought of the dying woman and her child in the miserable cabin. In spite of himself the mind of the old man would go back to better days when that loved child had played at his knees before the warm christmas fire or put her little arm around his neck and told her father how she loved him, and he had cast her and her poor little child off to die on this awful night. He had room in his grand mansion for them and why did he not bring them home? But his hate was uppermost and he steeled his breast against all paternal love. A religious or political hate is a creature of hell, begotten by the devil and the blackest of all beings in the regions of the damned. It is fostered by the prince of darkness and his emisaries on this earth causing persecutions, setting father against child, and causing untold misery. Civil wars and sectional strife is Satan's highest enjoyment and the men who by their eloquence fire the hatred of parent against children, brother against brother, deserve the blackest plume that waves above the heads of the demons of the infernal regions.

That night Mr. De Solon slept but little "I will go to-morrow and look after them," he thought. The storm howled. Was there ever so cold a night, or so bitter a storm? Did he think of that mother and child who, but for an infernal hate, his warm heart would have prompted him to save? Yes, and that heart was lacerated now to its utmost powers of endurance.

It was late at night before he slept, and then his dreams were bad. He seemed to awake with a start, and a cold shudder passed over the old man's frame.

There standing at his bed side were two snow white figures. Their eyes were the same, their features pale yet peaceful and happy, and he recognized them as his daughter Harriet and her child. Horror and amazement held him dumb. The mother of the child spoke, and her musical voice sounded far off and seemed to remind him of those long by gone happy days in the past.

"Oh father—father, you are too late, too late,' and they seemed to float away through ceiling and roof, through snow, storm and cloud, away up far beyond the path of the sun.

With a cry he started up and all was cold and darkness Sleep was a stranger to his eyes the remainder of the night. At early dawn he dressed himself, put on his heavy overcoat well muffled and started through the deep snow for the wretched hovel which he could see at the foot of the hill, half burried. When he reached the door he shoveled away the snow with his hands and opened it.

The floor was covered with ridges of snow which had drifted through the cracks of the wretched hut.

With an effort he turned his eyes toward the miserable bed and there before the agonized father, lay two lifeless forms, the innocent sufferers of a political hatred. With a cry of despair the old man threw himself on his knees at the bedside.

CHAPTER XXIII

IN WHICH PEOPLE'S EYES ARE OPENED AND THEY REFUSE TO RALLY.

Another campaign had come and past and Johnny Dipper was left off of Col. Pinglory's slate. He felt now most keenly his bitter disappointment. He had worked hard for the grand old Puller Party, and worked from the Colonel's standpoint. He had even made speeches in which he had berated the Setters for refusing in the far distant past to have the stumps pulled out of thair fields, until they were licked into it and lashed himself into many a furyby his own eloquence, but he did not see as he or any one else was profited by it, unless it was Col. Pinglory and his friends.

The Snowflake was advocating a milder course. That the living issues of the day be discussed in mildness and candor and that the question of those old stumps which had been pulled out and rotted more than twenty years ago be forgotten.

When this was said to Col. Pinglory by one of his friends he declared if they quit talking about the stumps they would have no issue. Some of the Setters went to Mr. Pension to convey the same idea. Discuss living issues and not dead ones. To quit telling the public of the meanness of some man who had died years before in the representation of the township, and to say no more about the cause that was lost It is strange what a wonderful similarity there was between the ideas of Mr. Pension and the Colonel,. Mr. Pension said that the only way to perpetuate his party was by making them remember they belonged soul and body to the grand old Setter party, and never to forget the lost cause.

Dipper became cold and lukewarm toward the Crusteater, and now went and read the writing posted on the Snowflake regularly.

Col. Pinglory would have endeavored to pursuade him to come back to the Crusteater, but at this time he found so many influential stalwarts about to desert the party organ, that he had his hands full to hold them together.

Miss Clodivia had really loved Dipper all the time, and after coquetting with Pepper for some time she rejected him and declared it as her intention to live and die an old maid. She was a constant reader of the Snowflake and in a quiet way spoke many words in its favor.

She met Dipper frequently and only passed the poor fellow with a nod of recognition.

Instead of the Snowflake splitting the Puller party wide open, as Smasher by word and graceful gesture had suggested, the party seemed truer, more in earnest, and to possess less venom and hatred than before.

Another campaign has come to persecute and annoy the good people of Tanbark Township, many of whom have lost interest in these campaigns.

It is a great day at Stringtown. People are flocking in to sell butter and eggs and to buy sugar and coffee. There are wagons hitched to the fences and among the trees about the place, for Stringtown has become quite a village.

There being a goodly crowd present Col. Pinglory and Mr. Pension concluded that it is an excellent time for each to make a political speech and heap glory on their own heads. Pension is a candidate for re-election, and the Colonel expects an other appointment from the county court.

Col. Pinglory mounts a goods box at one side of the road and Mr. Pension mounts a goods box at the other side of the road. Then in a voice and with gestures as sanguinary as in the time of old, the Colonel begins.

"Fellow citizens and brave followers of the grand old flag when enemies assailed it. Those who shed their blood and died on the field, now rally once more to the standard of the grand old Stump Puller party. Rally to the standard, rally, rally."

"What for?" asked one impudent fellow who had been reading the Snowflake.

"Rally to our standard and support those who saved the country."

"Who saved their country?" asked another impudent fellow in the audience. "The men who staid this side of Mason's creek in the recruiting service, or wiped the bloody noses of those who got hurt."

This seemed to hurt the Colonel, and Smasher who sat by his side thought it a direct personal attack on him. After a moment's confusion the Colonel resumed:

"No I ask you to come to the polls this fall and vote for the grand old party that saved the township. Don't forget to vote for soldiers who shed their blood."

"No, no," cried the same impudent fellow, "when a man has shed his blood, or lost his toes in the late war it disqualifies him for office. I once thought as you do now Colonel, but yourself and Mr. Pension, your bosom friend taught me different in the late appointment of post scraper."

Mr. Pension on the other side of the road was not getting along smoothly with his crowd.

"Come all you honest brave patriots of Sunny South Tanbark, rally to the standard and surely no man will forget the blood we have shed. The poor Setters south of Tanbark have so long been crowded out, so long crushed and humbled, but now thank God we can hear the glad hallelujahs on the other shore.

"What do you care about south Tanbark so you can get into office.

"Don't forget your principles men. There are your enemies. Remember the blood we've shed. I see Mr. Ferdinand De Solon my old comrade in arms and to him I appeal.

"You appeal in vain," cried Mr. De Solon mounting a goods box near. "Mr. Pension I listen no more to your sanguinary nonsense. Your accursed fiery speeches have ruined me. Your pretended principle has caused me to prive from my home the dearest child tht ever blessed a father's heart. I have seen that child a cold lifeless corpse, murdered by the bitter hatred which you, infamous impostor, kindled and at the same time you were on the best of terms with Col. Pinglory, the man you would teach us to hate, and you and he planning for your own self agrandizement. Your pretended fidelity to your party is a lie. You and he are no more than public tricksters and I denounce you both forever." He sprang down and Johnny Dipper, who was impatient to be heard, mounted, turning a pair of fierce glittering eyes on Col. Pinglory, he began.

"Col Pinglory I hereby in public do denounce you as a primevial, indigenous, premeditated old humbug. You fired this young heart with vaulted ambition until it forgot the dearest ties known to animated nature and in the hopes of one day holding the office of constable, dog brander, or maybe representative of the Township. You forgot my poor bleeding heart, you consumate old cold hearted mass of contradictions, and sold the office of dog brander to find a purchaser for your decaying gate post, and you gave your influence to have your twin partner in political crime, that infamous Pension, to have him elected by a great overwhelming majority. You are no Puller and he is no Setter. You are for Pinglory and he is for Pension, and you are both for each other. You care nothing for any other party or principle. I will henceforth have nothing more to do with either one of you."

"Them's my sentiments," cried Mr. Ruskin, a farmer, popping up as Dipper popped down. "I want to know why Pinglory and Pension are continually hob nobbing together and planning and talking as lovingly as two twin brothers if they hate each other as they pretend. No neighbors, one is as mean as the other. They pretend to hate each other, but they only learn us to hate when there never was any cause for us to hate each other from the beginnin' and can't scarce be any now. When they get us to fightin', tryin' to cut each other's throats, they git out o' the way, pretend to be recruitin' or exchangin' prisoners, laughin' and thinkin' what fools they've made o' us. But we'll stand it no longer. Let's not listen at 'em. They may quarrel and fight, but we'll not see 'em. Come neighbor let's go and have a grand celebration o' the death o' humbuggery in Tanbark Township."

Ruskin was greeted with a shout of approval as he sprang down from the the goods box. He then led the way to a beautiful green sward in a delightful grove where a clear crystal stream flowed peacefully on. The Pullers and the Setters joined hands as brothers and the birds sang a sweeter melody than Tanbark Township had heard for over twenty years.

Pinglory and Pension descended from their speaker's stands confused and went sadly away, knowing too well that their reign was over, and although they were shelved, a glorious day had come for Tanbark Township.

CHAPTER XXIV.

IN WHICH SOME THINGS COME TO A GLORIOUS AND SOME TO AN INGLORIOUS CONCLUSION.

It is a balmy summer's evening and our friend Dipper a much better and wiser man than of yore, dressed in his best, starts again for the residence of Mr. Allsmash. Miss Clodivia still enjoys single blessedness and he, longing once more to place himself in his old station in her affections, had that day penciled her a note intimating that he had come to love the Snowflake gate post, and he received an earnest invitation to call that evening.

The Snowflake had in the meanwhile changed hands, having been purchased by one Underlet who had been a staunch Snowflake from the beginning. The hatred and venom of the Crusteater followed the Snowflake and consequently fell upon the head of the new propr etor who seemed as impervious to their malicious darts as Magrew had been. The former friends of the Crusteater had now all deserted it save Pinglory, one or two others, and its proprietors. The public began to wonder why those men should so bitterly hate a poor inoffensive gate post.

Johnny was admitted by Miss Clodivia Allsmash and soon they were sitting as close together as two chairs could be placed.

"Clodivia," said the enraptured youth, "proud star of my etherial and better existance, the world is all darkness without thee, and I have learned what it is to trample under foot the heart's warmest affections for vaulted ambition. In fact Clodivia I want no more of it. I have come to humbly sue for that place I once held in your affections. Oh take me back in your heart once more."

As Johnny concluded he fell on his knees before her regardless of the new pantaloons he wore

"What d'ye say," asked Miss Clodivia, her plump arms folded across her breast, her nose having still an upward tendency, and her dark grey eyes bent on the floor, "about the Snowflake."

"Snowflake forever," cried Dipper.

"Then you may put our marriage notiss on it termorrer."

The marriage notice went on the next day and we will here state in conclusion that the marriage of Dipper and Miss Clodivia followed shortly after.

They lived as happy as the average, though we must not deny that an occasional family breeze may have followed. Of one thing we are certain, they never fell out about the Snowflake for their entire family, which by the way was a large one, were all Snowflakers.

Years have rolled away. The men in office in Tanbark Township have long since rolled out of office. There are many great changes in the country.

Stringtown is a real town now.

There are a few familiar faces on the roads which have now become streets. Among them the face of Col. Pinglory may be seen. He has just returned from a distant land and stands with his valise in his hand looking about the once familiar place.

When his political glory departed Col. Pinglory departed too, and has just come back to the scene of his greatness, pomp and power.

The town has become quite a literary center and there are a number of gate posts about it. There are even some printing offices.

The Snowflake has become a great family paper, and the great white post has been changed to a bulletin board on which papers are tacked to be read. The colonel sees crowds about it but goes over to the Crusteater.

Three sides of the Crusteater have rotted away all occasioned by that rotten place in the centre, and there is only a little on the front side to be used, on it is a paper on which has been written in indellible ink the words that some one is a "fool," a "long-eared non de script donkey" and an "ass."

"That is good," said the colonel with a laugh as he stood before the solitary gate post. "That's an original saying, and will make the Crusteater yet."

Then with his chin high in the air the colonel hastened away to a soup house for dinner, and so we bid him and all Tanbark, an affectionate farewell.

THE END.

THE Teacher's Mistake.

—OR,—

The Pride of Turkey Run School.

BY M. J. ROY,

Author of "Walter Brownfield," "The Hired Girl," Etc., Etc.

CHAPTER IX—CONTINUED.

George could not have returned home now had he desired to. He was lost in the mazes of that labyrinth of forest. The peals of thunder which shook the heavens and earth added a new terror to the suffering boy.

He was silent, and a cold perspiration broke out all over his body.

Fiery darts of angry lightning tore crooked streaks through the darkness to be healed a second later. The wind rose and howled like some furious monster through the tree tops.

Shriek upon shriek of howling wind echoed through the forest. The boy did not try to go farther. His limbs refused him service now and he crouched helpless at the root of a tree.

The pattering of falling rain came among the leaves and branches of the trees overhead. The pattering which was only the firing of the skirmishers of the storm, which preceeded the roll of battle was soon changed to a deluge of rain.

The roar of heaven's artillery seemed to crack the sphere in twain. The flashes of lightning became more and more angry, until the poor trembling wretched child thought each flash the forked tongue of a dragon, darting forward to his own destruction.

The wind blew almost a hurricane. Great trees were up-rooted or their branches torn off and the crashing of fallen timbers was incessant. Giant trees were split by the angry lightning, and one was struck so near to where George crouched that he was hurled to the ground by the shock, and lay for some time motionless.

Dazed, confused, stunned and hardly conscious of his own existence, the boy crawled back to the root of the tree which had afforded him a miserable shelter.

He was soaking wet, and the chilly October rain seemed to freeze his very bones. He crouched silent and shivering, gazing on this scene of terror which would cerrainly be a fair representation of Dante's inferno.

One moment all was a lurid blaze, so brilliant as to pain the eye balls, and still seem only the caperings of a fire fiend in front of the black back ground of hades, the next a darkness so terrible that the lad feared he had lost his eye sight, and would never see again.

Would day never dawn? would the storm never cease. Little brooks were swollen to rivers, and paths in the forest became running brooks. The minutes seemed years, and the hours ages.

But everything must have an end and so did that terrible night.

The storm rolled away leaving the sky clear, the woods wet, and a cold October wind making the bones of the boy ache with pain.

Then in the direction he would have though south the sky grew lighter. What did this mean?

Lighter and lighter it grew until the woods were light enough for him to see. Lighter and lighter yet until the stars and crescent shaped moon paled before their superior, and at last faded away altogether.

Shivering with cold and his teeth chattering George arose from the ground and after a few efforts found he could stand upon his benumbed feet. He was dazed and confused still, and the question seemed to occur to him, why was he there, and what had happened.

Through all the numbness of body and mind, that awful threat rang strangely, vaguely in his ears.

"Hang him by the neck until he is dead—dead—dead."

"Oh God help me!" cried the boy in anguish of his soul and leaning against the trunk of the tree which had afforded him the poor shelter during the storm, he burst into tears.

CHAPTER X.

THE CAPTURE.

Only for a few moments did George remain against the tree. That restless nervous desire to go on which constantly impels the real or suppose criminal forward, induced him to move away.

Exercise was necessary to warm his chilly, benumbed body, and put strength into his stiffened limbs. He could scarcely walk at first, and for a time it seemed only to increase the chill which hovered around his hears God pittied the poor boy for just then the sunshine burst through the tree and lighted up everything with a glow and warmth which set a thrill of delight through his soul.

The rain drops hanging from the golden or nut brown leaves shone like myriads of diamonds in the morning sun.

Though wet and cold his artist nature delighted so in the beautiful, that had it not been for that awful threat of hanging by the neck until he was dead—dead—dead—he would almost have been happy.

But George was impelled onward. Impelled by some secret power which he neither knew nor could understand. countless thousands of others in the same condition have felt the same strange influence.

The more superstitions attribute it to our good or bad angel as it leads to success or failure. But it was more likely an aberration of the mind on the part of George, caused by fear of detection. He did not know exactly where he was, or where he was going. He desired to escape from the sight of every living creature and had he been on the extreme frontier, would soon have been a wild boy.

The sun rose higher and higher in the heavens, and George grew warmer. His clothes dried, and he felt more natural. Another suffering now came on. It was the pangs of hunger.

He found the forest as he advanced growing thiner and thiner and the ground higher. Suddenly he came upon a house.

He started as if he had found an enemy. A house! A real house! What was it that induced him to draw nearer it, yet ready at the sight of a human being to flee.

His astonishment can be imagined better than described when he discovered that he was near the schoolhouse of Turkey Run district. In his confusion he had wandered to it, and now lay prone upon the ground in a hazel thicket only a short distant away. From the spot where he lay he could see down the road where he had had the fatal encounter with Gam Jennings. He heard the shouts of merry voices and even saw familliar forms flit about in the distance, but it would have been death to have been discovered. Yes hanging by the neck until he was dead—dead—dead.

The school master came and "books were called." The boys and girls went in to recite. He was certain that he saw the stolid form and Websterian brow of James Josiah Blodget in the distance.

Hours passed, and still he lay there basking in the sunlight which poured down in the thicket: very grateful it was to poor George, but gnawing of hunger made him suffer almost as much as he had suffered the night before.

The noon recess came and from his concealment he could hear the bang of dinner bucket lids, and in his imagination could see the excellent dinners of white bread, jellies, cold roasts and potatoes. He felt his situation growing more and more painful. Suddenly on his ears there came a light foot fall. It was so light that he did not hear it until it was behind him. He sprang to his feet to fly when a voice just behind him cried:

"Oh George is it you."

It was a kind gentle voice and on glancing back on the speaker he saw the sweet gentle face of Dolly Bayley.

The news of the stolen watch and the effort to arrest George the night before, his escape from the officers, and the detention of his parents for the theft, had spread all over the school, and Dolly had heard it. She at once connected his singular presence here with the crime of theft, but did not dream that George had accused himself of murder,

For a single moment George stood irresolute. Never had Dolly seen such a haggard face in all her life. His eyes were wild, his face washed with rain, and hair full of drift and rubbish. Dollo's sympathetic heart at once read the boy's suffering.

"Poor George I pity you," she said.

"Dolly—Dolly" he answered, they want to hang me. They come afterr me to hang me, and I run away. I almost died in the woods last night and I will soon starve here.

Starving! Was he starving! she asked.

Yes. Then she told him she had some dinner left in her basket and would bring it to him.

"Wait Dolly," he whispered seizing her hand. "Will you tell I am here? They will come and get me and hang me if you do"

"No, no, no," said Dolly. "I will not tell any one a word about it."

"Then please bring me something to eat. I will die if you don't.

Dolly returned to the school room and took some bread, cold meat, a pickle, piece of pie, and three cookies, all that remained, and carried it to the little fugitive.

He looked very grateful at the sweet childish face, and after a moment said:

"Dolly I didn't mean to do it, I never intended it."

She who supposed he alluded to his stealing the watch wondered why he did not restore the property as it would go lighter with him, but in her thoughtfulness for his feelings refrained from mentioning the subject in his presence. In fact she sought to draw him away from it.

"Where are you going?" she asked.

"I don't know," was the answer, and begun to eat ravenously of the food she had brought him.

"Will you go away from here?"

"Yes."

"Where will you stop to-night."

I don't know. They are trying to catch me. They tried to get me all night last night. I am afraid of every body but you Dolly, you won't tell on me?"

"No no George I pity you more than I blame you."

"Don't every body blame me?" he asked.

"Yes," said Dolly sadly.

"It wasn't my fault, I couldn't help it but I just knowed they'd blame me. I am always blamed for everything, and I can't help it. Nobody ever likes me. Every thing I do is wrong. It always turns out bad for me."

"I am sorry for you George," said Dolly, "I must go now. Good bye. If any of the boys see you here, they will catch you, so you had better go away."

That was just what George intended to do. Dolly turned and walked back to the school house wandering if "the law could hurt her," for giving an outlawed starving boy his dinner.

George still sat upon the ground behind the thicket and was finishing the last morsel of the food Dolly had brought him, when he heard another and heavier tread behind him.

He started to his feet. A shout went out on the air.

The new comer was James Josiah Blodget, who had been out on one of his philosophical walks, alone, through the woods about the school house.

"Here he is boys James Josiah cried, "Here's George Saturfield."

A wild yell arose on the air from the play ground, and a dozen of the boys started to the scene. George cast a hurried glance about him just like a hare between two packs of hounds, then with a despairing cry which had had something terrible about it he started to run down toward the ravine south of the school-house.

James Josiah was west of him and the other boys and school house east.

"Call the teacher—call the teacher," cried James Josiah.

Then all the smallest boys run to inform Mr. Beaty that the great criminal was out there and the big boys after him.

George Saturfield was swift of foot, but it was still stiffened with exposure of the night before and long privation. James Josiah was also very fleet, a year older and doubtless stronger than he.

The young fugitive run with all his strength but a glance over his shoulder told him that his pursuer was gaining on him and he could see many others not far behind. To this frightened boy they all seemed avengers of a murdered school mate. He saw James Josah's hat and coat were thrown aside his teeth clutched, head thrown back and that determined straining of every muscle to overtake him wich he knew would succeed.

George run to the ravine but found himself growing weak and dizzy, with all his last expiring energies he leaped the streamlet and staggered as he reached the opposite side.

The next moment there came a rush of wind. James Josiah leaped on his shoulders and bore him to the earth crying:

"Come on boys—come on Mr. Beaty; I have got him."

They came and crowded around the captive lying on his face on the ground; but it was a limp and senseless form they lifted from the earth.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Raiding the Sutler.

A famous and favorite kind of sport, specially when we had been lying in camp for some time in summer, or were stablished in winter quarters, was what was known as "raiding the sutler."

The sutler's establishment was a large wall tent, which was usually pitched on he side of the camp farthest away from he Colonel's quarters. It was, therefore, in a somewhat exposed and tempting position. Whenever it was thought well to raid him, the men of his own regiment would make to the men of some neighboring regiment a proposition in some such terms as this:

"You fellows come over here some night and raid our sutler, and we'll come over to your camp some night and raid yours. Will you do it?"

"This courteous offer of friendly offices was usually agreed to; and great was the sport which often resulted. For, when all was duly arranged and made ready, on a dark night when the sutler was sleeping soundly in his tent, a skirmish line from the neighboring regiment would cautiously pick its way down the hill and through the brush, and silently surround the tent. One party, creeping close in by the wall of the tent, would loosen the ropes and remove them from the stakes on one side, while another party on the other side, at a given signal, would pull the whole concern down over the sutler's head. And then would arise yells and cheers for a few moments, followed by immediate silence, as the raiding party would steal quietly away.

Did they steal his goods? Very seldom. For soldiers were not thieves, and plunder was not the object, but only fun. Why did not the officers punish the men for doing this? Well, sometimes they did. But sometimes the officers believed the sutler to be exorbitant in his charges and oppressive to the men, and cared little how soon he was cleared out and sent a-packing; and therefore they enjoyed the sport quite as well as the men, and often imitated Nelson's example when he put his blind eye to the telescope and declared he did not see the signal to cease firing. They winked at the frolic, and came on the scene usually in ample time to condole with the sutler, but quite too late to do him any service.—*September St. Nicholas.*

Three Ways of Decorating.

Our modern designer after nature goes to work in three ways. He makes a copy, a picture of his chosen object (which may bear some remote likeness to a proper ornamental form, as in the the opposite sketches the branches laden with crab-apples do the festoon from the antique); or he makes a botanical diagram of the parts of the plant or its flower and uses it as a "repeat;" or, worst of all, he takes anything that seems to him curious or striking and forces it, by hook or by crook, into some symmetrical arrangement. These two latter processes he calls conventionalizing. The picture-maker may "conventionalize" also; for he may drop his work at some preparatory stage, or may put a heavy black outline around it, or he may use a gold background; these and a number of other dodges being supposed to make a thing more ornamental. It is a sorry ornament that is thus turned out. It belongs nowhere. It is fitted for no position. It is a fraud and a sham, for it is not even intended to ornament anything in particular. If painted on a plate to-day, in may be sprawled on a ceiling to-morrow.—*Roger Riordan in September Century.*